

# MEMOIRS

OF

Mr. GEORGE FANE,

A

LONDON MERCHANT.

Who suffered Three Years of Slavery, in the Country of *Algiers*; which was occasioned by an Amour with the Duke of ———'s Natural Daughter: After which he returned to *England*, married the Lady, and with her possessed an Estate of 6000 l. *per Annum*.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for A. M'CULLOH, at the *Lamb and Bible*, near *Devreux-Court*, without *Temple-Bar*.  
M, DCC, XLVIII.

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*R George Fane* was the only Son of a Gentleman of a small Estate in the County of *Surry*. When he returned from *Oxford*, where he had made himself Master of the Languages, and a considerable Progress in the *Belles Lettres*, his Father put him to an eminent Merchant in *London*; designing to leave him all he was possess'd of, which would enable him to make a very good Figure in the trading World. His natural Sweetness of Temper and mild Disposition, having received an additional Lustre from his liberal Education; in which he had obtained all that was manly, generous and noble, he became the Happiness of all that were acquainted with him.

After he had been about Ten Months with this Gentleman, he grew particularly esteem'd by his Daughter, a young Lady of about One and Twenty.

The Friendship and Esteem she had for him, as she had daily the Pleasure of conversing with him, grew daily the greater; and in a short Time turned to Love. A thousand Ways she endeavoured to make it known to him, a thousand little Artifices she made Use of, consistent with the strictest Modesty of the Sex. Nor was Mr. *Fane* ignorant of it, but carefully avoided giving her any



Reason to believe he was at all sensible of the Regard she had for him. He had perceived some Blemishes in the young Lady, that persuaded him he never could be happy with her as a Partner for Life, therefore as he was a Man of the strictest Honour and Generosity, resolved never to give her the least Grounds to expect he intended her for his Wife, however he might be obliged to behave to her with Complaisance, Good-nature, and Respect, as his Master's Daughter, who treated him with the same.

The young Lady continued in an uneasy State of Suspense, sometimes she could not but persuade herself that he slighted her, sometimes attributing his Coolness to his Prudence and Generosity, supposed his Sentiments were, not to engage himself to any Lady, 'till he was in Circumstances to make her happy. Her Fortune was much greater than his, and he had all the Reason in the World to believe her Father would give his Consent, to a Match so seemingly detrimental to his Daughter; and if he found Mr. *Fane* carrying on an Amour with her, it might throw him entirely out of his Esteem, to whom he was under Obligations, for the friendly Manner in which he had used him: 'These she thought might be the Reasons of his behaving in so cold a Manner to her, which she hoped would one Day vanish, and he still be her's.

This was but as Fuel to the Flame, and rivvited the Dart the deeper in her Heart. In this miserable State of Suspence she passed some Months, when an Accident happened, which deprived her for ever of any Share in the Heart of Mr. *Fane*.

As he was riding one Day in the Country, near the Seat of the Duke of——, he happened to lose his Way, and seeing a Farm House at  
a little



a little Distance he rode up to it to enquire. When he had almost come to the House, he met a Lady of the greatest Beauty, and most graceful Air he had ever seen; she was taking the Pleasure of the Evening, by the Side of a River, on the one Side of which were planted Rows of stately Elms, on the other, the Prospect was open to a lofty Hill, agreeably diversified with Woods, Pastures, and Fields of Corn. The fine Prospect, the Serenity of the Evening, and the correspondent Amiability of the Lady made such an Impression on Mr. Fane, as till that time he had been a Stranger to.

Night approaching, and being several Miles from any Inn; when he came to the Farmer's House, having a ready Offer made him of a Lodging, he was easily prevailed upon to stay. Before he had been long sat down, the Lady he had seen walking at a short Distance from the House (whom he ever after used to call the Goddess of ——— Wood,) came in. She passed for the Farmer's own Daughter, nor did she herself know any Thing to the contrary, but was really natural Daughter to the Duke of ——. The Farmer had been a Servant of the Duke's, to whose Care she had been committed very young, with positive Orders to keep it an unviolable Secret, and for his Fidelity, the Duke gave him the small Farm, worth about Eighty Pounds *per Annum* to live on. This Nobleman, excepting his excessive Pursuit of amorous Pleasures in his younger Years, which was now quite worn off, was a Man of an unblemished Character; and many noble Acts of his Generosity had been felt in the Country where he resided in Summer, as well as in *London*. His Visits at the Farmer's were very frequent, as the young Lady grew up, he discovered in her an uncommon

uncommon Genius, and Love of Knowledge, with the sweetest Dispositions, seldom found together in the Fair-Sex, and which his \* Grace was not so happy as to find in any other of his Children: This made him every Day more and more fond of her, and often spend many Hours in private with her, tho' he still kept his Relation to her a Secret, but designed in a very short time to make it known to her. It was with inexpressible Joy, he found his Daughter, bless'd with every Grace to catch the Eye, despising the lower Pleasures of the Sex, labouring to adorn her Mind with Virtue, Sense, and Elegance: She would often retire into the most private Places of the Wood, and turn over the Pages of the best Authors, which she took a great Pleasure in reading, and made most of their finest Sentiments her own, thence proceeded that sprightly Wit, and Stock of good Sense, which gained the Heart of all that heard her.

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\* There are a great many known Instances, where the legitimate Children have not had the Strength of Parts, as these who have sprung from a criminal Embrace.

Shakespeare, whose Knowledge of human Nature was very great, puts these Words into the Mouth of *Edmund*, in his Tragedy of *King Lear*.

*Why Bastard? Wherefore base?*

*When my Dimensions are as well compact,  
My Mind as generous, and my Shape as true,  
As honest Madam's Issue? Why brand they us,  
With Base? With Baseness? Bastardy? Base?  
Base?*

*Who in the lusty Stealth of Nature, take  
More Composition and fierce Quality;  
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired Bed,  
Go to create a whole Tribe of Fops  
Got 'tween asleep and wake?*

It is hard to describe how Mr. *Fane* was affected, after he had been a short Time in her Company, when he found her beautiful Form contain a Soul no less beautiful.

It was with the greatest Reluctance he took his Leave of the Lady next Day, resolving soon to pay her another Visit: Some Days past before he had an Opportunity of riding into the Country again, which Interval seemed very long and tedious.

In his second Visit, being received according to his Wish, he afterwards made them very frequent; at this Time his Father gave him so much Money, as enabled him to go into Partnership with his Master: His young Mistress, now thought the Time was come, when her Fears and Suspence should be at an End, and she made happy in the Man she had long wished for. But alas! she was farther from having him now than ever. Mr. *Fane* was not long in Business for himself, 'till he made his Addresses to the young Lady in the Country: When he made his Passion known to her, she told him she was very much surpris'd, that he should throw himself away upon one that had little or no Fortune; but that she wished it might be ever in her Power, to make him a Recompence for his great Generosity.

He now thought there was no Obstacle in the Way to prevent his being happy, the Farmer's Consent, he thought himself sure of as soon as asked, but found it far otherwise than he expected. The Duke, the last Time he had been with the Farmer, told him, that he designed in a very little Time, to have his Daughter stay with him at his own House, the Dutcheß having dyed a few Months before. When Mr. *Fane* came to ask the Farmer's Consent to the intended Marriage,



Marriage, the Farmer told him, he had other Views for his Daughter, and would never give Consent to his marrying her, it was therefore in vain for him to proceed any farther in the Affair, and desired he might never see him in his House any more.

This Answer of the Farmer's filled Mr. *Fane* with the greatest Surprise and Confusion, as it did the young Lady; she was at the greatest Loss to find out the Motive of her supposed Father's Conduct, he had always behaved in the most affectionate Manner to her till then. For what he did at that Time, she could not see the least Reason, as Mr. *Fane* was possessed of a much greater Fortune, than her Father could possibly procure for her.

Mr. *Fane* was obliged to take Leave of the Lady, in this Anxiety of Mind; when he was gone, the Farmer let her know, that in little Time she was to go and live with the Duke: She received his Words like a Person struck by a Blast of Thunder from Heaven. Being no Stranger to the Duke's amorous Character, she concluded he had a Design upon her Virtue. Her Father, she knew was dependant upon the Duke, and always had been for all he had, and durst not in the least hesitate at such a Proposal, seemingly advantageous; of her becoming the Duke's House-Keeper.

With these shocking Thoughts, she retired into her usual solitary Place in the Wood, gave herself up to Despair. The next Day having an Opportunity of conveying a Letter to Mr. *Fane*, she made him acquainted with the Farmer's Design of giving her to the Duke, and what Misery she was in upon that Account, and desired he would meet her in a few Days, at a particular Place not far from the Farmer's House, as soon

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as it was Night. Mr. *Fane* with Horror read her Account of the execrable Design, and resolved to risque his Life and Fortune, to extricate her out of these Difficulties.

The Night came on which they had appointed to meet ; he was at the Place the Moment fixed, and found the Lady there. When they had conversed some Time on the best Means to prevent her falling into the Hands of the Duke ; they agreed that Mr. *Fane* should return in two Days after, in the Middle of the Night, and carry her off at all Hazards.

The very Night before she was to meet Mr. *Fane*, his Grace had sent his Chair to the Farmer's to bring her home, and she was to set out early in the morning for his Seat. The Hours seemed very tedious, till that came in which she was to meet Mr. *Fane* ; the Farmer and his Family had gone to sleep, and she to her Room, when the Moment came, in which she was to risque the Goodwill of her Father for ever, to preserve her Virtue. After she had listened very attentively, and hearing no stirring in the House, thought herself quite safe ; she came lightly down the Stairs, and got out, as she thought, undiscovered. The Farmer unluckily happened to be awake, and hearing a Foot go down Stairs, taking it for Robbers in the House, got up, came down, and finding the Doors open, was confirmed in his Opinion ; upon which he awaked the Duke's Servants, two of whom had each a Pair of Pistols, searching every Room in the House, they came to that where the young Lady lay. The Farmer when he found it empty, soon guessed what was the Matter, as he knew how much against her Inclination it was to go to the Duke's, and what

happened a few Days before. He order'd the Servants with all possible Speed to mount their Horses, and follow him, for that his Daughter whom they were to carry to the Duke's the next Day, was certainly run away with, by a young Gentleman who courted her, to whom he had refused her a few Days before.

Mr. *Fane* and his Lady had not got three Miles from the House, when they perceived a Party on Horse-back, making very fast towards them, and concluded they were discovered. It was in vain for him to think of out-riding them, that was impossible, as he had the Lady with him, and he would venture every Thing rather than go without her: He therefore resolv'd at all Adventures to stand and defend himself to the last. The Farmer and his Men were now at them, and behaved with much more Courage and Resolution than Mr. *Fane* expected. He held out a Pistol, and swore he would shoot the first Man that dared to advance one Step farther. The Farmer who had as much at Stake as he, was not to be frightened; he and the boldest of the Duke's Servants endeavoured to lay hold of him, upon which Mr. *Fane* discharged his Pistol at the Servant, which wounded him in the left Breast, so that he drop'd. The young Lady frighted at this, thinking the Servant was shot dead, leap'd off her Horse, and fell upon her Knees to the Farmer, and begg'd Pardon for what she had done.

Mr. *Fane*, when he saw the Servant fall, the rest resolute, and that it was impossible for him to bring off the Lady, he thought it prudent to make the best of his Way from them; he was pursued close by the Duke's Servants, but his Horse being much lighter and swifter than theirs, soon carried him out of their Reach.

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In the mean Time Miss was brought back to the Farmer's, rack'd with a thousand Fears, and Troubles; the disobliging her Father for ever, she thought would be the inevitable Consequence of her Conduct that Night, her Anxiety for the Man who had risked his Life and Fortune in her Service, who was now in the greatest Danger, was inexpressible: Besides these, she had the tormenting Thoughts of being led to the Duke's the next Day, where she fully expected her Virtue was to fall a Sacrifice to his Lust. In these uneasy Thoughts she spent the Night.

About Six next Morning, she was put into the Coach, and the Farmer accompanied her to the Duke's. His Grace had promised himself much Happiness in having his Daughter to stay with him, her Conversation he had been often charm'd with, he saw a thousand Beauties in her, only discernible by a paternal Eye. His Surprise was the greater, when he found her Face cover'd with Tears; he asked what was the Matter. The Farmer then informed him what had happened; the Duke to make her easy, discovered to her in what Relation he stood to her, and told her, not to vex herself about any Thing that had happened, he freely forgave her. There was a Gentleman of a very large Fortune, who would be in all Respects agreeable to her, whom he designed to marry her to, and that he would settle 6000 l. *per Annum* upon her, he then bid her think no more of the *London Gentleman*, who was not an equal Match for her.

The young Lady thanked his Grace for his Kindness, but as to her marrying, she begg'd his Grace would excuse her.

Such was her Greatness of Soul, that she was incapable of entertaining a Thought that was ungenerous, or selfish. It appeared to her as the

most monstrous Ingratitude, and what her Nature startled at, to think no more of the Man, who had risked his All in her Service, or to have no more Concern for his Safety, whose Life was in the greatest Danger upon her Account. His Grace endeavoured to divert her with Entertainments of all Kinds, but to no Purpose, she continued dull, and melancholly; he permitted her to send to enquire after Mr. *Fane*, but she could learn nothing of him from his Partner, but that he was gone a Journey.

Mr. *Fane*, not less uneasy upon her Account than his own, believing the Duke's Servant shot dead, and that his Grace would prosecute him, as soon as he got to *London* thought the wisest Course he could take, was to go on board a Vessel that was going up the Mediterranean, chiefly on his own and his Partner's Account; before he could come to *England* again, he hoped the Affair would be dead, and the Heat of the Duke's Resentment cool'd. He had just time to inform his Partner of his Adventure, and to advise with him about their mutual Affairs before the Ship sailed, which was the very next Tide, when a fair Wind soon waisted him from the Sighs of his two Mistresses, to a Country where he was to meet with Troubles, that he as yet had been a Stranger to.

Either for Want of Time, or not thinking it safe to trust Secrets of any Consequence, to the slender Guard of a Letter, Mr. *Fane*, before he left *England*, had not informed his Mistress of his Escape from his Pursuers, or where he was going; but the Vessel putting into the Island of *Medeira*, gave him an Opportunity of writing by an *English* Ship homeward bound, he embraced it, and inclosed the Letter in one to his Partner. The Ship arrived soon after at *London*,  
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and the Person who had the Care of the Letters, (the Gentleman to whom they were directed being from home) gave them to his Daughter. Miss seeing the Hand she was so well acquainted with, in the Direction of the Letter, could not forbear opening first one, and then the other, and read as follows,

*Dear Maddam,*

‘ **W**HEN I left you in that unhappy Con-  
 ‘ dition, I was pursued close by the Duke’s  
 ‘ Servants for some Miles; but at last, with great  
 ‘ Fatigue, being no less uneasy on your Account  
 ‘ than my own, I escaped them. When I ar-  
 ‘ rived at *London*, I found a Ship just ready to  
 ‘ sail for *Genoa*, and went a-board of her to be  
 ‘ out of the Way till the Clamour, that I ex-  
 ‘ pect is made, on Account of the Servant,  
 ‘ should be over. It is impossible to describe the  
 ‘ Pain I now feel for you; it shocks me to think  
 ‘ of your bearing your Father’s Resentment:  
 ‘ I imagine I see you led to the Duke’s, I see  
 ‘ you tormented with a thousand Stratagems of  
 ‘ his, to induce you to comply with his wicked  
 ‘ Inclinations, I see you even forc’d at length,  
 ‘ I see you drown’d in Tears, I hear your Cries,  
 ‘ I follow you to your melancholy Retirement.  
 ‘ —In these dismal Thoughts, I spend the rest-  
 ‘ less Night, I often repent of my having left  
 ‘ you, I am vexed at myself for not staying to  
 ‘ contrive some other Expedient to save you:  
 ‘ Oh Horror! You, the only Person I ever loved,  
 ‘ the only Lady, whose Virtue, whose good  
 ‘ Sense, whose good Nature charm’d me, who  
 ‘ seem’d to be form’d for the most refin’d Enjoy-  
 ‘ ment of Life; that you should be forced to the  
 ‘ Necessity of disobliging your Father, be exposed  
 ‘ to the Insults of a base Villian. Heaven grant  
 ‘ that



' that my Fears may be vain : May that Power,  
 ' whose Wisdom orders all things that befall us  
 ' for the best, who can turn Evil into Good, by  
 ' Causes that lie hid from us, extricate you but  
 ' of these Difficulties, and reward your Virtue  
 ' as it deserves. The Thoughts of your Inno-  
 ' cence being known to Heaven, will be the  
 ' greatest Support to make you stem the Current  
 ' of Adversity. If it be possible let me hear from  
 ' you, I shall stay at *Genoa*, till I be informed  
 ' from *England*, that it is safe for me to come  
 ' over, that will be when I have made up Mat-  
 ' ters with the Duke. Let me intreat you, let  
 ' what will have happened, conceal nothing  
 ' from me ; my Regard for you cannot be lessen'd.  
 ' Methinks you are more dear to me, more  
 ' lovely, more beautiful with your Distresses,

' I am,

' *With the sincerest Love,*

' *Dear Madam, Yours,*

' *GEORGE FANE.*

Miss read the Letter with the greatest Concern,  
 she had often ask'd her Father the Reason of Mr.  
*Fane's* leaving him, and where he was gone,  
 without being answered ; she thought at first to  
 conceal the Letter, but afterwards fearing her  
 Father might hear of it from the Gentleman who  
 had brought it, she seal'd it up again as carefully  
 as she could, and gave it to him. The Day after  
 this happened she was taken very ill, and con-  
 tinued so a long Time : The Physicians were  
 called, but could give her no Relief. She seem'd  
 to be in a Decay, but the usual Medicines for that  
 Distemper had not the least Effect upon her.

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The Letter was sent into the Country, and was received safe by Madam —, the Duke's Daughter ; it gave her very great Joy, and almost entirely remov'd that Anxiety she had felt ever since her parting with Mr. *Fane*, being the first Time she had heard of him since the fatal Night. She was not dilatory in answering it, she wrote Mr. *Fane* the Story of her new Relations, and desired he might return and make her happy as soon as possible, for that the Servant was recovered, and that the Duke had consented to marry them together : This Letter never came to Mr. *Fane*'s Hands, for he never arrived at the Port intended.

They had not got far past the Straits of *Gibraltar*, when they were becalmed, together with another *English* Ship, who lay at a small Distance from them, having hailed her, they found her to be the *James* and *Ann* of *Bristol*, bound for *Leghorn*, in which Mr. *Fane* had a Friend, whose Name was *Sloane* : He had contracted an intimate Acquaintance with him at *Oxford*. As soon as Mr. *Sloane* understood his Friend was in the other Ship, he invited him (by the speaking Trumpet) to come and dine with him. Mr. *Fane* had not seen the Gentleman for a considerable Time, and willingly accepted of his Invitation. The Boat was hoisted out, and Mr. *Fane* went on board ; but before he had been two Hours with his Friend, a violent Storm arose on a sudden. The Ships were drove several Leagues from one another, and Night coming on, they never came in Sight of each other after.

The Ship that Mr. *Fane* had left was wrecked, and all the Crew perished, not one being left to carry the News of his miraculous Escape, who was preserved for greater Vicissitudes of Fortune,  
than

than he had yet gone through. The *James* and *Ann* with great Difficulty survived that Night, with the Loss of all her Masts ; the Wind and Sea were not commissioned to be her Destroyers, she was preserved to fall into the Hands of worse Enemies. Before they could make any Harbour, they were met in this shatter'd Condition by a Corsair of *Algiers*, (being in the Time of the late War with that Nation) and became an easy Capture. The Corsair carried them directly to *Algiers*, where Mr. *Fane*, his Friend, and all the Sailors, after the Dey had made Choice of all the Craftsmen, who would be of any Service to him, were taken to the Slave Market and sold.

It was Mr. *Fane's* Fortune to fall into the Hands of a rich Burgher ; for two Years he was employed in working at his Gardens in the Country, not far from *Algiers* : His Friend was bought by a Janizary, and for endeavouring to make his Escape, with some other *English* Slaves, three Months after his Arrival, was crucified. This melancholy Piece of News gave Mr. *Fane* a great Shock, and added fresh Weight to his Misfortunes. — The Burgher for the first Year, used him very inhumanly, and sent him often to the Bastinado for the least Fault, making him wear a Ring of Iron about one of his Legs, believing he had a Design to make his Escape with some other of his Slaves. Mr. *Fane*, besides the Pain he felt when he thought on *England*, which he now despaired of ever seeing again, the Leaving of his Father, his Mistress, and all that was dear to him ; found the Air of the Country not agree with him, and was in a very bad State of Health, which was much worse by his hard Labour and severe Treatment.



In this miserable Condition he spent one Year, when his pitiless Master began to treat him with more Mercy, and afterwards grew fond of him: The second Year of his Bondage was almost tollerable, at the end of which, it pleased Providence to soften the Heart of his Master so far, that he suffered him to keep a Tavern at *Algiers*; a Privilege many of the Christian Slaves had, after they got in favour of their Master.

Those Taverns were chiefly for the Use of the *Mahometans*, who cannot yet prevail upon their Consciences to sell Wine, as being contrary to the Law of their great Prophet, notwithstanding this, they drink it very liberally. In this Way did Mr. *Fane* make a shift to live, tho' his Tavern was only a poor little Place, without any Light but what came from the Door, and in this were his Casks, his Bed, and his whole Household Furniture. After he had spent another Year in this Manner, he received his Liberty in a Way that he never expected would have happen'd.

His Partner having made a handsome Fortune, left off Trade, and was chose by the Government to go over to *Algiers*, to treat with the Dey about the 'Change of Prisoners. His Daughter since the Time of her reading Mr. *Fane's* Letter had never enjoy'd a perfect Health, at this Time being somewhat better, her Father thought the Voyage might be of Service to her, in diverting the Melancholy that had hung upon her ever since the News of the Ship being lost in which Mr. *Fane* set out, took her with him among his other Attendants; their Ship arrived safe in *Algiers*. Mr. *Fane* was spending

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his Life in the usual Manner, vending his Wine in his little Tavern, when it was told him that an *English* Consul had arrived, but was most agreeably surprized when he heard his Name. He went immediately to the Consul's House, and was admitted to see him, not without great Difficulty: He bid the Servant tell his Master, that his Friend and Partner *Fane* would speak with him. The Consul had some Business upon his Hands at the Time, and told the Servant to tell him he was an Imposter, that Mr. *Fane* had been dead three Years, and he could not be spoke with. Mr. *Fane* insisted upon seeing him, and assured him he would give sufficient Proofs of his being really *George Fane* that he imagined was dead; the Consul ordered him then to be admitted.

The bad State of Health he had been in, and the many Toils and Fatigues he had gone thro', together with his *Turkish* Dress, made so great an Alteration in Mr. *Fane*'s Face, that his Friend did not at first know him: He was obliged to tell him something of their private Affairs, to convince him; he then informed him how he had been saved by going from one Ship to the other, and of his being made a Slave, and how he had lived. The Consul saluted him with Tears in his Eyes, and ordered one of his Attendants to let him have one of his Suits of Cloaths. When Mr. *Fane* had got on this *English* Dress, he was brought into the Room where the Consul and his Family were going to Supper. The Consul had not said a Word of this surprizing Affair to his Daughter, but she remembering every Line and Feature

ture of Mr. *Fane's* Face, much better than her Father, as they had made so great an Impression upon her, it was much easier to know him now he was not disguised by the *Turkish* Dress : They had not been well sat down 'till she discovered who he was ; the Colour left her Face, her Spirits were unable to bear the Surprize, and she fell from her Chair : It was some Time before her Spirits return'd, and then but faintly, she was put to Bed, and notwithstanding all possible Care taken of her, died on the third Day after.

This melancholy Affair set Mr. *Fane's* Wounds bleeding afresh, his Concern both for his Friend, and the unhappy Lady was very great, the Place grew more and more loathsome to him. In a few Days the Ship that had brought the Consul over was to sail, the Consul having procured him his Liberty (impatiently longing to see his Father, his Mistress, and his native Country) he took his Leave of him and went on Ship-board, the Vessel had a very fair Wind and arrived safe in the River. Mr. *Fane's* Father was blessed with the Sight of his Son, whose reported Death had almost brought him to his ; his Mistress, with the Sight of a Lover, whom she deplored as lost in her Service, she soon had a Visit from him, and was entertained with the surprizing History of his Adventures : She let him know it was in her Power now to make him a Recompence for all the Trouble he had gone through upon her Account, and to make a suitable Return to his noble Generosity. The next Day she acquainted the Duke with the Arrival of Mr. *Fane*, and how much he had suffered



suffered upon her Account. His Grace had endeavoured, without any Effect, to make his Daughter marry when Mr. *Fane* was gone; now when he heard the whole Story, could not but commend and admire them both, and readily gave them his Consent to be married; they were so, and Mr. *Fane* spent the Remainder of his Life, in retired Content, happy in the Enjoyment of the Lady he had so often wished for, and been so long depriv'd of.



F I N I S.



